

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cowper.*

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Our Dumb Animals.

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CHARLES A. CURRIER Special Agent.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

SHAME upon thee, savage monarch-man, proud monopolist of reason;
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce ensanguined despot!
What, man! are there not enough hunger and diseases and fatigue?
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death
On the poor, dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite?
The prodigal heir of creation hath gambled away his all,—
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs?
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery:
Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all the strings?
The rebel hath fortified his stronghold, shutting in his vassals with him:
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression from within?
Thou twice-deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful representative of love,
For very shame be merciful, be kind, unto the creatures thou hast ruined!
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake;

Earth and her million tribes still writhe beneath thy cruelty.
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear witness against thee?
A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof it will accuse thee?
From the elephant, toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-field;
From the whale, which the harpooner hath stricken, to a minnow caught upon a pin;
From the albatross, wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest;
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and the gnat;
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel!
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;
The ass, thy uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laborious ox at plough;
The speckled trout basking in the shallow, and the partridge gleaming in the stubble,
And the stag at bay, and the morn in thy path, and the wild-bird pining in captivity,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.

Verily, they are all thine, — freely mayst thou serve thee of them all:
They are thine by gift for thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness;
Gratitude to their God and thine, — their Father and thy Father;
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying; for burden, but with limits of humanity;
For luxury, but not through torture; for draught, but according to the strength:
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption,
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash.
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite:
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal:
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,

If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance.
Behold! he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow:
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, — the generous brute is dead!
Liveth there no advocate for him, — no judge to avenge his wrongs?
No voice that shall be heard in his defence, — no sentence to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for him;
Yea, all the justice in heaven is roused in indignation at his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own exceeding punishment:
The Angel of mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but passeth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned!

THE FATHER OF ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

THE horses and cattle loved him, and would follow him all over the farm, sure to receive at least a kind word or gentle pat, and perhaps a few grains of corn, or a lump of saltor sugar; and there was no colt so shy that would not eat, out of his hand, and rub its head lovingly against his shoulder."— *Mary Clemmer Ames.*

A NOVEL DIRECTION. — A box containing a small terrier was left at the Eagle Express Office on Thursday, with the following direction attached to it: —

"I am now on my way to Bangor;
My passage is paid in advance:
That I shall be fed on the way
There isn't a ghost of a chance.

"Then quickly, expressman, I pray,
Deliver me as I'm addressed;
For the contents of box then will be,
Like my most cordial thanks, well expressed."

THE MOTHER BEAR'S DEVOTION.

From the "Journal of a Voyage toward the North Pole."

"EARLY in the morning the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice; which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and, dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion for herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat, they wounded the dam, but not fatally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and, when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavored to raise them up. All this while, it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and, when she had gotten to some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and, smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood motionless. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and, with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds."

We cannot envy the heart of that man who can read this narrative without sympathizing in the feelings of the poor dam, thus cruelly bereft of her young, and falling a victim to her maternal affection.

BIRDS AT WORK IN WINTER.

WITHIN a few feet of my window, where I sit in my easy invalid-chair, stand some large apple-trees. There has been scarcely a day this winter when these trees have not been visited by various birds, in search of insect food. The bluejay, creepers of various kinds, and other birds, have been present; especially the small striped-backed woodpecker, commonly called the sapsucker, has been busy. Every nook and corner, crevice and cranny, has been examined and searched with the greatest care. As I have watched these little laborers, I have thought of the vast numbers of these pests that are destroyed every season, and how short-sighted and foolish must be the man who would put one of these feathered friends to death. Save the birds, and thereby save the fruit. — L. J. T. in *Buckeye Farmer*.

A WAITER in a café on the Corso, having nothing to occupy himself with, thought to pass the time by torturing a cat. Whilst in the act of maltreating the unfortunate animal, he received from it so deep a scratch, that he released it with loud yells. The cat was thoroughly wild, and flew upon a lad who was sitting by, and but for his presence of mind in grasping a club, and killing at a blow the infuriated animal, he would have suffered dangerous, if not mortal injuries. The perpetrator of this act has paid the penalty in the amputation of his right hand, lest the poison should endanger the whole body.

KIND THOUGHTS.

LET us cherish a memory for pleasant things,
And let all the others go.
It is never by giving "tit for tat"
That we touch the heart of a foe.
It is not by dwelling on fancied wrongs
That we feel their sting grow less:
And malice once entering the heart is sure
To crush out all tenderness.

Forgive, forget, though the wrong be great,
And your heart be stricken sore;
For thinking of trouble makes it worse,
And its pain is all the more.
Do kindly things to your neighbors, e'en
Though they do not so to you;
Though they be wrong, unjust, unkind,
Keep your own heart ever true.

The heart is a garden; our thoughts the flowers
That spring into fruitful life:
Have care that in sowing there fall no seed
From the weed of cruel strife.
Oh! loving words are not hard to say,
If the heart be loving too.
And the kinder the thoughts you give to others,
The kinder their thoughts of you.

— Hope Arbor.

HOW DO THEY FIND THE WAY?

Two weeks ago an account was given of a dog that had been carried seven hundred miles somewhere at the West, but not liking the place, alone, guided by a faculty quite unknown to man, he footed his way to his old loved home without making inquiries, consulting a guide-board, or travelling out of the way, at the rate of nearly a hundred miles each day.

An old horse, purchased of a farmer in Vermont many years since, was shipped at Seabrook, Conn., with others, to the West Indies, for grinding cane. A storm occurring in Long Island Sound, the deck horses were washed overboard, and supposed to have been lost. The old Vermonter, however, reached land in the darkness of a stormy night, and finally was found standing at the barn-door of his old home. The horse had never been far from the town till sold, therefore could not have been familiar with the way.

Carrier-pigeons perform feats as swift messengers through the air, because they are in a hurry to reach home. However far they may be carried, confined in baskets, they invariably speed their way without ever resting on the voyage till they reach the place dear to their affections. In 1819, with a view to ascertain their speed, a pigeon was carried from Antwerp to London, and there liberated. The bird was at its cot, having flown one hundred and eighty miles in a straight line, in just six hours.

Horses, mules, dogs, cats, and all the migrating birds, find their way as unerringly as the carrier-pigeon does; but how they do it is beyond our ken. Some imagine birds see telescopically one or two hundred miles when high in the air, and over the tops of mountains. But the theory throws no light upon the movements of a mule that found his home in Brazil, hundreds of miles over a region where man could hardly move, having neither a path to follow, nor a companion to lead the way. Science, therefore, has something more to do to clear up this mystery.

A writer in the "Quarterly Review" advances the theory that "they have a certain sense of the magnetic currents, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariner's compass marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also effect living frames with special organizations seems no way incredible; while the fact that a dog, who can find his own way for a hundred miles in the open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in a town, seems to point to the multitude of streets turning at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction."

"RESPECTABLE" CRUEL PEOPLE.

CRUELTY to animals is not, it seems, confined to drunken and demoralized carmen. The crime — and a very reprehensible crime it is, though some people appear to regard it as no crime at all — has, as might have been seen by our report of Saturday's proceedings in the Belfast Police Court, been brought home to at least one substantial farmer, — a man occupying a very respectable position in his class, and the owner, as was stated in evidence, of several flour and flax mills. This surely is a matter for surprise as well as regret. That any man — even the most debased of car-drivers, not to speak of wealthy farmers — should be capable of working a horse in the condition in which Mr. Simpson's was shown to have been, is matter for more than astonishment. The details of the state of this wretched horse's foot, as shown in court, were nauseating. It was, we were told, half-eaten out with cancer, and was wholly rotting away; and yet, by the order of its most respectable owner, it was yoked to a cart, and sent off to travel eighteen miles with a heavy load. It was monstrous. The magistrates talked strongly, and justly so; but they punished lightly. A payment of six pounds is probably not much to Mr. Simpson; but perhaps the exposure, to such a gentleman, will be punishment enough. We hope so. He told us, indeed, that he did not know the horse's foot was so bad as it turned out to be on examination; and it is some comfort, if it can be taken as a sign of contrition, that he deemed it necessary to plead ignorance. But it seems strange if, as was also stated, he had been endeavoring all the summer to cure the animal, that he should still have remained ignorant of its actual condition. His servant, at all events, knew about it, and asserted that Mr. Simpson also knew the state of the unfortunate and cruelly treated horse. We hope, however, Mr. Simpson, and others who may be disposed to take all they can out of horses unfit for service at all, will properly appreciate the leniency of the magistrates in the present instance. Mercy may be a little more sternly tempered with justice if similar cases come up for adjudication. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals deserves the thanks of the community for its untiring and very benevolent exertions in bringing this and other cases to light. We can only regret that there should still be so much for it to do. — *Belfast (Ireland) Whig*.

WHAT IS A BLOODED HORSE?

HE is a horse having more than an ordinary amount of drops or pounds of blood in his system, in proportion to the size and weight. This large amount of blood acts upon his system through a large heart, and correspondingly large arteries and veins; and, put in motion, it acts in driving him to speed, the same as an increased amount of fire under the boiler drives off a greater amount of steam, and makes the machinery go faster. This large amount of blood also acts in refining the skin, making it and the horse finer than in a horse of less blood; it refines and gives elasticity to the muscles, the feet, &c.; it refines the entire horse, making strong the valuable parts, and fitting the whole system for speed and endurance.

LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

CERTAINLY all animals have a mode of expressing their feelings to others of the same species. Wolves arrange attacks, hunting together in packs. They are all animated by the same thought, and therefore travel with energy for hours to accomplish a design of which each member of the enterprise has a rational understanding. Deer and buffaloes act in concert in regard to seeking food or water. Perhaps the government of wild horses, through signs which any horse in a group of hundreds instantly recognizes as an imperative command of one individual, who prances up and down the line like one in authority, is about as perfect and as mysterious as any thing in natural history. Birds and dogs are exceedingly sociable, enjoying the society of their kith and kin as much as country cousins when they visit city relatives. Rats and mice, too, and even insects, are supposed to have the faculty of communicating their wishes and opinions to each other.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

BUFFON, the great French naturalist, becomes quite enthusiastic in his description of this little bird. "Of all animated beings," says he, "the humming-bird is the most elegant in form and most splendid in coloring. Precious stones and metals, artificially polished, can never be compared to this jewel of nature. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground; for, its whole life being aerial, it rarely lights on the turf. It dwells in the air, and, flitting from flower to flower, it seems to be itself a flower in freshness and splendor."

Audubon, our own great American naturalist, compares it to the glittering fragment of a rainbow. The American Indians give it a name signifying a sunbeam.

A GRATEFUL CAT.

A CAT in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came, in a pitiful state of pain, to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed and doctored it all the next day and night after. It recovered, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone up stairs to bed, when a mew at the window roused her: she got up and opened it, and found the cat, which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth. This it laid at its mistress's feet, and went away. For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens, they were not allowed to touch this reserved share; and, if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap, "that is not for thee." After a while, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look, and restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of gratitude, remembered for months after, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) toward her own offspring.—*Good Words.*

LEARNED SHEEP.

At the exhibition of fat cattle, sheep, pigs, &c., held at Stanley last week, were two sheep six months old, of an extraordinary size and in splendid condition, reared entirely by hand, and born in the neighborhood of Broad Green. Their food was cow's milk, oats, grass, and latterly mangels, turnips, and hay. Their owner is a youth, who watched their growth with intense interest, and always personally superintended their treatment. They soon became greatly attached to him, and followed him like a dog for any distance. They were taught by him to jump, and perform some gymnastic feats, and likewise to run well and steadily abreast in harness, in which the female, by her action and graceful movements, was particularly distinguished, the ram being occasionally obstinate and more difficult to manage. When the owner went himself to the exhibition, the female sheep, seeing him at a short distance, without any previous intimation of voice or gesture, made a sudden and desperate effort to jump out of the pen to get at him, and both immediately recognized him, thus displaying an amount of intelligence which is not ordinarily supposed to belong to these but too frequently much-abused animals. The owner intends to continue the course of instruction already commenced so successfully. It may be stated that no prize was offered for specimens of this description; but the certificate of "highly commended" was freely awarded to them by the judges. — *Liverpool Paper.*

NEVER CONTENTED. — Give a man the necessities of life, and he wants the conveniences; give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries; give him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies; let him have the elegancies, and he yearns for the follies; give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in the price and quantity of the article.

For Our Dumb Animals.

THERE.

BY MARY ALOYSIA FRANCIS.

PART I.

THE pigeon lights on a friendly roof,
North and south through the Russian cities;
And the tread of man, and the steed's quick hoof,
Spare the bird that the nation pities.
East or west if its bright wings bear it,
Shelter and food are its boon from all;
No cruel hand from its nest may tear it,
No brutal touch on its form may fall:
Happy the bird, in that land afar,
Under the sway of the stately Czar!

In the storied country of Eastern Kings,
Where the crescent floats o'er the calm Bosphorus,
And the minaret's music at sunset rings
The "call to prayer" in a sad, sweet chorus, —
Far and near through the proud dominion,
They hold of all homes that home most blest,
That oftenest sees the bird's white pinion
Flash, in the sunshine, above its nest:
And the innocent life is as sacred to all,
As it was in Eden before the fall!

Hundreds of years have come and gone,
Since, by the Doge Dandolo's order,
The tale of that Eastern sceptre won,
Flew, with the pigeons, across the border.
Yet Venice still links that departed glory
To the glory that hers in the present must be;
And this is the sweetest and tenderest story
Told of the city beside the sea:
For there, by the will of the Doge long dead,
The birds by thousands are daily fed!

Changing masters has Venice seen,
And changing customs have swayed the city;
But French or Austrian hearts have been
Responsive to long-descended pity.
When "two" on the bell of St. Mark's is ringing,
The grain still falls from a civic hand,
And there are the pigeons, cooing and singing, —
Graceful guests of a graceful land:
Since this world was a world of pain, I ween,
Never a fairer sight was seen!

For Our Dumb Animals.

PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCHES.

THE papers say that the pigeon-match on Long Island, between Ira Paine and Willie Parks, resulted in a tie, each killing thirty-seven birds. If we had the tying of the tie, we'd tie both contestants to a tree, and give them a few charges of salt in the hollow of their backs, just to see how they'd like it. — *Boston Daily News.*

We heartily say amen to the above. Messrs. Paine and Parks must be men of very tender and delicate sensibilities! What a telling commentary on their nice sense of feeling, for each of them to mangle to death thirty-seven little innocent, beautiful doves, when they might have shown their skill in shooting just as well some other way! How any man, or any thing that looks like a man, can take pleasure in such cruel and bloodthirsty sport, is something beyond the bounds of our comprehension. In the language of the Prayer Book, we devoutly say: from such men as Paine and Parks, "Good Lord, deliver us." — *Watchman and Reflector.*

We most cordially indorse the spicy words of the above-named journals. This is one thing among others that we need and desire: to have the press speak out in good plain Saxon English against all kinds of cruelty to our friends, who cannot speak for themselves. We thank the "News" and "Watchman," and trust that they will give us a few more such unmistakable utterances.

FEBRUARY, 1873.

WHILE some boys in Sandwich were shooting pigeons near the station, a few days since, a little girl of James Parks, coming in range of one of the guns, was shot in the neck and leg.

"MY OLD GRAY CAT."

THE beautiful lines with the above title, by Beatrice, published in our February paper, were doubtless suggested by the following sketch in Capt. Savage's "Police Recollections," published in 1865. The sentiment of this sketch does credit to the heart of our worthy Chief of Police: —

I find the following among my records of Police Recollections.

It is perhaps a little out of place; but it is so true, and it calls up in my heart the recollections of other days in such deep emotion, that I hope to be pardoned for recording it here.

June 17, 1864. — I have a pet cat, who has eaten of the crumbs of my table this day seventeen years. He is an old fellow, — not a tooth in his head this many a year; yet he is as fat and sleek, as lively and playful, as when a kitten. He is, in fact, rather a curious old fellow for a cat; and I often think that he really knows more than he will tell.

After the close of my day's labor, no sooner does my footstep reach the threshold, than he is at the door to welcome my entrance with a *per* or a *mew*.

If I am in the house, he is uneasy unless he is with me; and hardly any closed door is proof against his handy paws till he reaches me; and then the antics and pranks that he will cut are any thing but what would be expected of an old cat.

I sometimes think that many of his notions appear more like calculation than instinct. Often, when about to leave the house, have I found his long crooked claws imbedded in the leg of my pants, endeavoring with all his might to prevent my egress, as if to say, "Don't go yet!"

He is but an old gray cat; but he has followed me, and shared my varied fortunes, for seventeen years.

He is but an old gray cat, but he was a special favorite with dear and loved ones who now lie mouldering in the tomb. In his early life his friends were my friends; but among them there are now none left, — no one! He seems to be the only living link that binds me so tenderly to those who have left me to battle the ills of life alone; and often, while looking at him, I find the big hot tears stealing unwittingly down my furrowed cheeks, as memory wanders o'er the scenes of other days.

He is but an old gray cat; but why should I not care for him in the wane of life? He will die one of these days, — and so shall I.

For Our Dumb Animals.

THE ZEBRA.

A GENTLEMAN had a zebra which he treated carefully and tenderly while young, but gradually neglected as it grew older. This change of treatment produced a corresponding change of character: the zebra, which had been docile and kind, became vicious and false.

A bold rider, who boasted of his skill in the management of animals, determined to conquer what he called the stubbornness of the zebra. For this purpose he sprang upon its back, when the zebra immediately threw up its hind legs, and tumbled over on the ground. Suddenly it sprang up, dashed to the shore, plunged into the river, and shook itself violently to throw the rider, who still held the reins tightly until the zebra swam again to the shore. There the rider learned a lesson that he never forgot; for the zebra turned quickly upon him, and bit off one of his ears.

It is now supposed, that, with patience and kind treatment, the zebra may be tamed, and brought into the service of man. Those who wish to try the experiment must remember that an animal proud and courageous by nature can never be forced into faithful service by whipping and misusage.

L. B. U.

A HUMMING-BIRD flew into a court-room in Georgia recently, at half past ten, A.M., and continued to fly near the ceiling till six, P.M., when it lighted. It was on the wing seven and a half hours. At least a Southern exchange says so.

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, March, 1873.

SHALL WE HAVE ANOTHER FAIR?

A CIRCULAR, asking what encouragement may be expected from different parts of the State, has been sent to the members of the General Committee of our fair in 1871, and to other friends. Upon the receipt of answers to these circulars, the directors will decide whether a fair is expedient or not.

FIVE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS are answered by Mr. Angell in another part of our paper. We trust our friends of the cause will read the answers, and be prepared to repeat them to persons who cannot see why societies like ours are needed.

OUR PRIZES FOR COMPOSITIONS.

TO THE SCHOOL COMMITTEES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals hereby offer prizes to the scholars of the State, in both public and private schools, for the best compositions on the subject, "Why should animals be kindly treated?"

The offer is as follows: Twenty prizes of \$5 each; fifty of \$3 each; and one year's subscription to "Our Dumb Animals," to the writers of the best three compositions in each town and city in the State.

The writers of all these will be made associate members of the Society for the year ending in March, 1874.

The compositions are to be handed to the School Committee on or before the 4th of March.

The Society respectfully request the School Committees to select, from the compositions thus sent in, the best three, and to forward them to the Secretary of the Society, on or before March 15.

It is suggested that where there are high, grammar, and private schools in a town or city, one composition be selected from the schools of each character. But this is left entirely at the discretion of the Committee.

The merit of the compositions to be determined by the treatment of the subject, rather than by the penmanship, or grammatical construction.

From the number thus forwarded to the Society, a Committee will select the seventy entitled to the money-prizes, which will be paid in addition to the membership, and the copy of the paper for the year.

It is proposed to announce these prizes at a public meeting, to be held in Boston, on or about March 26, of which due notice will be given.

The success of the Society's offer of prizes to the public schools of Boston last year induces them to repeat the offer, and to embrace all the schools in the State.

The Society beg earnestly to commend this matter to all school committees, and to invite them to solicit the co-operation of teachers and scholars, in this effort to promote humane education.

Per order of Directors,

FRANK B. FAY, Secretary.

Copies of the above circular were sent last month to all school committees in the State and to leading newspapers. We trust we shall have an active contest.

UTAH.—Friends in Utah Territory are moving to get a law for the prevention of cruelty to animals through the next territorial legislature.

"THE mystery of human suffering is nothing when compared with that of dumb creatures,—agony which is not discipline or retribution, and which is as unutterable as it is unuttered."—JULIA A. EASTMAN, author of "Striking for the Right."

ANNUAL-MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of our Society, for the election of officers and other purposes, will be held on Tuesday, March 25, at 11, A.M. at our office. Members are cordially invited to attend.

MEMBERSHIP.

OUR rates of membership are as follows:—

Active Life	\$100
Associate Life	50
Active Annual	10
Associate Annual	5

We shall hope for an increased number of members this year. Present annual members will please bear in mind that their membership expires on the third Tuesday of March.

Translated for Our Dumb Animals.

WHAT SOCIETIES OUGHT TO DO, AND ARE DOING.

(From the Report of the Society for the Protection of Animals in Riga.)

DR. PERNER contended, that exciting the compassion of children for animals must be a necessary ground-work of their education: he pointed to the historical facts of cruelty to animals leading to the tormenting and murder of men. He said that the holy influence of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is inconceivable on the home; for it teaches mildness of manners, and prevents cruelty and sin. How far it has operated on the schools is proved by the foundation of children's and teachers' societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the collection of articles bearing upon the subject, and the formation of circles for the reading of the same. The teachers of natural history no longer confine themselves to the bodies of animals; but they consider their souls as well for example, in the excellent work of M. Perty, professor in Berne, there are facts and consideration concerning the souls of animals. The veterinary school, so long unheeded, is brought to its due regard and influence through the society. It not only disseminates a knowledge of zoölogy, but sends forth its pupils for the protection of animals and the advancement of human welfare.

The Roman-Catholic Church authorized the principles of the society. The Evangelical Consistory ordered that the scholars of the public schools should be regularly catechised on their duty to animals.

The Swiss societies have given particular attention to the protection of birds, and proved that it is a sin against God's natural laws to peril the existence of the human race by killing such birds as prey upon the insects that destroy vegetation. At the congress in Zurich it was determined that all the societies should work against the catching, killing, keeping in cages, of birds, or destroying of their nests or eggs. Public slaughter-houses have been built for the facilitating and inspection of butchering; and the sales of meat. The means of transport of cattle has been improved.

MR. BERGH'S BILL.

EVERY friend of our cause will regret that the bill introduced into the N. Y. Legislature, in the interest of the N. Y. Society, has been shorn of many of its most valuable features in the Senate. Of the action of the House we are not advised. In our next we shall probably be able to give the final result.

THE Woman's Branch of the Buffalo Society lately held their annual public meeting, at which Hon. Millard Fillmore presided, and several leading gentlemen made addresses. We will give an account of it next month.

ANIMALS' HOME.

WE beg to remind the public that our Home for Lost and Disabled Animals, established last season, is still open on Amory Street, near Hog Bridge, Boston Highlands.

Parties having domestic animals for which they desire to secure a good home, or to have mercifully killed, may send them to the above place.

OVERLOADED HORSE-CARS.

A SUPERINTENDENT CONVICTED.

BEFORE Recorder Given yesterday, a Mr. Cole, Superintendent of the Spruce and Pine Street Railroad, was charged with cruelty to animals in the act of overloading horse-cars, thereby causing distress and injury to the horses. The special offence was alleged to have been committed on Monday afternoon last, after the heavy snow-storm of the day before, and while the ground was heavy and travel difficult.

A Mr. Gittigan testified that he was a witness to the difficulty which the horses seemed to have in pulling the load; he was a passenger on the car; a great many persons were standing in the car; the horses seemed overloaded; the car seemed full; the horses stopped three or four times, as if unable to proceed; he considered these stoppages as attributable to the snow on the track. The horses seemed to do their best, but could not get along.

Miss Caroline Gibbons testified that she was a passenger on a car of the Spruce and Pine Street line, on Tuesday last; she got in at Fifteenth and Pine; the car was going west; the horses had a great deal of difficulty in moving the car; it appeared almost impossible for one of them to get along; the horses slipped all the time; heard the driver say he would not kill one horse in order to get the other along; two additional horses were afterwards procured, it seemed to her, from a rear car; finally they moved along; the streets were very slippery, and the horses seemed to be doing their best; the seats in the car were nearly full, and some persons were standing; several were on the platform.

Miss Gibbons also testified that she went to the depot of the company, asked for the superintendent, and, being shown Mr. Cole, mentioned the circumstances of the case to him, and asked him to put four horses on the cars. He acceded to her request, and to the best of her belief a car left the depot before she did with a double team.

After considerable argument by counsel, the Recorder said that he did not think the special charge of "overloading" was one that could be brought against Mr. Cole. Enough evidence, however, has been elicited to show, that, considering the state of the track and the heaviness of travel, there had been cruelty exercised. With regard to the party responsible for this cruelty, when it is considered that it is within the province of the superintendent, who had the "oversight" of the road, and to whom the state of the weather and track was fully known, to put two, four, or eight horses to the car, or to send a car out with only one horse if he felt so disposed, he thought there was neither injustice nor impropriety in making this Mr. Cole the defendant in the case. He therefore imposed a fine on him of twenty dollars.—*Philadelphia Age*.

STEAM STREET-CARS.

WE hope the time is not far distant when a modified form of steam-power will entirely supersede the use of animal-power upon our street-railroads. The experiment has been successfully tried in other cities, and especially, as we learn, in New Orleans. It seems very certain that dummy-engines of some peculiar construction will soon be thus applied, and will be a source of great economy and of increased efficiency in connection with the running of street-railroads. The epizootic has set invention at work, and will stimulate mechanical skill to produce some appropriate motor at an early day.—*Exchange*.

A COMPLETE list of the officers of the Connecticut Society has not come to hand, and we must defer publication till next month.

KILLING CATTLE WHEN FATIGUED. POISONED MEAT.

It appears from incontestable evidence, that from killing cattle which have been much fatigued or harassed in driving, while yet warm, consequences highly dangerous, and even fatal, may result to those engaged in the operation. Whether any noxious vapor exhales at such a time from the earcase has not been accurately ascertained; but so much is certain, that the contact of the blood is productive of the most alarming effects. The following fact was communicated by M. Morand, physician to the *Hôtel des Invalides* at Paris, to the French Academy:—

On the 7th of October, 1765, two butchers belonging to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, each killed an ox for the use of the house. . . .

The following day, however, one of the butchers complained that his eyelids were swelled, and of headache. The swelling extended to his cheeks; fever succeeded, and he was carried to the infirmary. . . .

On his eyelids and different parts of his face rose tumors which threatened mortification; but at length an eschar was formed, which with difficulty was brought to suppurate. . . . On the 20th, the left thigh was attacked with a violent pain, as was the right leg on the following day. The pain and swelling increased, suppuration ensued, and he was confined to the infirmary for upwards of three months.

The other butcher was attacked by the same disorder two days after killing the animal. He suffered more than his colleague. . . .

These two oxen had been examined according to the constant custom of the house, and were not observed to have any malady or distemper. They only appeared to be rather fatigued. Their blood seemed in no respect different from that of others.

A butcher who had been in the army stated similar facts, and that some of the men affected had died.

Another communication was made to the Academy, in substance as follows: a drove of cattle proceeding from Limosin to Paris, one of the finest was unable to keep up with the rest, and he was sold to a butcher of Pithivier. The man, on killing the beast, put the knife in his mouth, and was some hours afterwards attacked with a swelling of the tongue, an oppression of the breast, and a difficulty of respiration. Blackish pustules appeared all over his body, and he died on the fourth day of a general mortification. The innkeeper having scratched the palm of his hand with a bone of the same animal, a livid tumor arose in the place, the arm mortified, and he died in the course of a week. A maid-servant received some of the blood on her cheek; violent inflammation followed, with black tumors, which, though cured, greatly disfigured her. The surgeon who opened one of these tumors put his lancet between his wig and his forehead, his head swelled, an erysipelas or St Anthony's fire succeeded, and it was a considerable time before he recovered.—*From "Kirby's Wonderful Museum," London, 1820.*

Communicated.

THE ANTI-CHECK-REIN BOY.

Some years ago a lad twelve years old in South Malden saw a loaded team with four or five horses, whose heads were well checked up, and they were unable to start their load. He said to the driver, "Let me fix your horses so they can go." Standing on tip-toe he loosened all their check-reins; and to the amazement of the driver, they readily started the load. The check-rein is very often the unnecessary cause of the use of the whip. I have thought how pleased this boy would have been, had he lived to read the "Check-rein Essay," and to know of its wide circulation. Q.

PAINLESS KILLING.—One of the most eminent professors of Paris has submitted to the Academy an invention of his own to kill animals by blowing air into their eyes. A few seconds only are required for the operation, which, besides, causes little suffering. Experiments, it is affirmed, have been made at Alfort, which have succeeded perfectly.

HOW TO SHIP POULTRY.

DR. ZAREMBA, of the Illinois Humane Society, makes the following suggestions to shippers of poultry:—

Inasmuch as poultry is plenty in our market, the attention of commission men and grocers is again called to their shipment and cooping. Coops for two dozen chickens must be at least two feet wide, four feet long, and one foot high, with a tight bottom, the sides and top to be made of laths two and a half inches apart, the first lath close to the bottom, to prevent the toes of the chickens from being broken when coops are jammed together. A coop, as described above, three feet wide, will hold three dozen chickens. Coops for one dozen turkeys or geese must be at least twenty inches high, made in other respects like the one for two dozen chickens. All poultry, while in coops on the sidewalk, must be supplied with necessary food and water in troughs, placed alongside the coops. Any dealer in poultry who keeps his stock as above recommended will gain enough in two shipments to pay for the coops.

ANOTHER SAD CASE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

WEDNESDAY morning last, a horse and pung were found in Seabrook, N.H., near Hampton River. The horse had perished from exposure or exhaustion. A dog on the opposite side of the river was barking, notifying the spectators that he was guardian of the team. The parties crossed the stream, and followed the dog, which led them to his master. It seems that the team belonged in Haverhill, and had been to Black Rocks, near the mouth of the Merrimac, for a load of clams. The driver left his horse unprotected in the charge of his faithful dog, while he was filling himself with liquor. The horse being chilled, started up the beach accompanied by the dog, until he came to the river, which he forded, and remained upon the other side, probably for the whole day. He was found, as before stated, dead, on the one side of the river, and the dog watching upon the other; and the owner of the two brutes in a beastly state of intoxication.—*Boston Journal.*

The recent cock-fight at Rochester, N.Y., shows the necessity of a society there. The activity of the Buffalo Society prevented the "sports" from undertaking it there, and they were obliged to go to another locality. The agent of the Buffalo Society, W. L. Darbee, followed them to Rochester, but failed to find the sheriff; and the "battle-ground" being out of the limits of Rochester, no arrests were made. The gambling-houses closed up, their "patrons" having gone to the fight. The details would disgust our readers; and we only need say the whole exhibition was cruel to the animals, and demoralizing to the spectators.

OVERLOADING AT WHITEHALL.

RECENTLY the teamsters in the vicinity of Whitehall have been overtaxing their horses in endeavoring to outvie each other in drawing heavy loads. On Saturday last a team owned by A. P. Cooke of Whitehall, engaged in drawing stone from Woolsey's quarry to Cary's Camp on Lake Champlain, a distance of one and a quarter miles, drew a load that measured nine yards three feet and 1.472 inches; weight fourteen tons eight hundred and forty-five pounds. One of the beasts is twenty-one years old; the other is blind, ringboned, and spavined; age not known. In the town of Fort Ann a strife has arisen between parties drawing ore. Joel Thompson, who is the owner of team that has been employed in towing on the canal in the summer season, drew a load of ore from "Badger Hill" to Fort Ann Dock, a distance of one mile and a half. It weighed 20,340 pounds.—*Rutland Herald.*

CASES INVESTIGATED

BY BOSTON AGENTS, IN FEBRUARY.

WHOLE number of complaints, 68; viz., for overloading, 22; failing to provide food and shelter, 12; driving when lame and galled, 9; beating, 8; torturing, 2; overworking, 2; overdriving, 1; driving sick horse, 1; general cruelty, 11.

Of the above, remedied without prosecution, 47; not substantiated, 6; not found, 4; under investigation, 6; prosecuted, 5; in all of which cases conviction was obtained.

Animals killed, 6.

RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Miss A. M. Cary, \$1; Miss E. H. Bradford, \$5; "Trifling Offering," \$1; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Bennett, \$10; Mrs. Wm. F. Matchett, \$10; D. A. Blanchard, \$10; Mrs. J. A. Davis, \$10; Mrs. M. O. Johnson, \$10; Mrs. M. A. Wilson, \$10; Miss J. R. Sever, \$10; Miss Emma M. Krauss, \$5.

SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Brighton, \$5. Middleboro', \$10. Police Courts.—Boston, 3 cases, \$30; Springfield, 2 cases, \$20.

Superior Court.—Berkshire Co., \$25. Witness fees, \$3.

MORE FOUNTAINS AND TROUGHS.

AFTER the wife of Josiah Quincy of Rumney, N.H., had raised one hundred and fourteen dollars by ten-cent subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a drinking fountain in the common, the citizens mustered courage enough to hold a levee, and raised one hundred and fifty dollars more.

Will some lady in each Massachusetts town start a "ten cent subscription" to provide a fountain or trough in her vicinity? We can assure her she would perform a most grateful service.

Children's Department.

LITTLE ALICE'S PONY.

CYRIL turned away to the stall where his sister's white pony stood in her little blanket with its blue trimmings, and "BETTINE" marked in large blue letters on either side. Bettine was dear to Alice's heart, and as the apple of her eye. This Cyril knew; and here was a good chance to give his sister a lesson. He lounged into the pony's stall, and slyly struck a pin into her flank. Of course Bettine jumped and kicked, and Cyril exclaimed angrily:—

"There now! Do you see that? She's a vicious beast. I tell you, Alice, Bet needs a good dressing-down; and I consider it my duty to give it to her. Don't you bite me, you snarling brute!"

Then it was that the child burst out with the remark, "Now, Cyril, please. I wish you wouldn't make me feel cross this morning. I was just so happy till you came!"

Alice was a patient little thing as far as any injury to herself went; but you touched a tender place if you maltreated any one of her dumb friends. Now, therefore, as Cyril went on unfastening the pony's bridle with so much rough handling, and not a few coarse words, his sister exclaimed:—

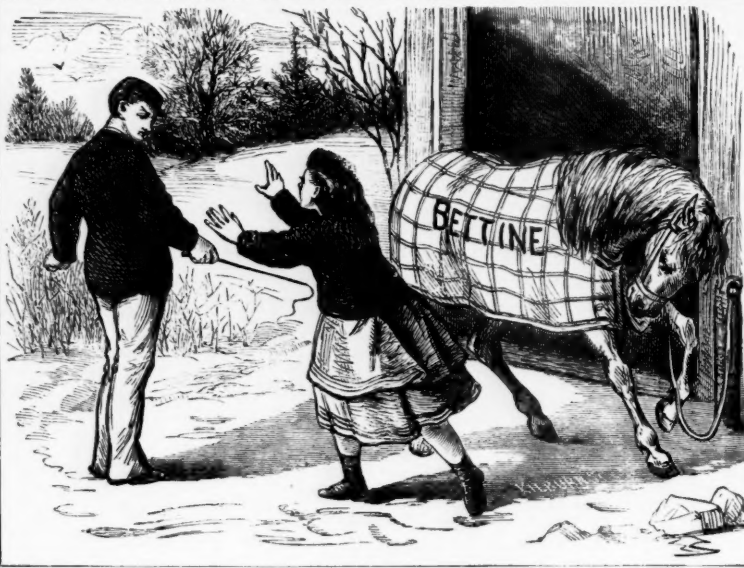
"Please don't, Cyril. Bettine is my own; and papa wouldn't like you to whip her." . . . Alice ran to the stable-door, and saw Cyril fasten her dear white pony to a post.

"Oh! what shall I do?" she cried out. Then she grew faint and sick: she felt as she did the day she had stood on the veranda and seen her father thrown by a frightened horse. The doctor was gone now. "Mamma has a sick headache; and—O Cyril! you are a bad, cruel boy; you make poor Bettine jump so," as a sharp blow, cutting the pony's slender legs, set her spinning round in half-circles. . . . Alice had stepped out now, and with her eyes one flash of wrath, and a red spot on either cheek, she sprang upon her brother so suddenly, that, before he knew she was coming she had snatched the whip out of his hand. "Cyril! you are a wicked boy. You're doing a cruel, horrid thing. Bettine is my horse, and you shall not touch her. Do you hear? you—shall—not!"

A strong choking stopped the child's words here. There she stood, every nerve of her small body a-quake with righteous indignation. Slender and young as she was, her brother stood in a sort of awe of her at times. For the moment the brutal boy—a coward at bottom, as all cruel boys are,—was afraid of the exasperated little girl. Cyril had seen his sister grieved a thousand times. This was the first time he had ever seen her angry.

It was a new revelation. He had not believed such possibilities of wrath were in her. The scathing words, coming quick and fast, silenced him for an instant. Cyril Montague stood beside the pony, and actually hung his head. While you could count ten, the boy really felt small and mean. For that brief space of time I believe it was given him to see himself in his true light,—that of a cowardly, quarrelsome fellow. — *From "Striking for the Right," published by D. LOTHROP & Co.*

Little Alice and her Pony.



For Our Dumb Animals.

OUR MONKEY.

Boys, did you ever have a monkey? I had; and, though I am not quite so old as Methuselah, I used to laugh,—and laugh at the little chap, like—like every thing.

He was a Brazilian, once the property of an organ-grinder, who had trained and whipped him, and finally injured his back, so that he sold him to the keeper of a museum.

From thence I obtained the little mischief. He was very much afraid of a man, and no wonder; but he "made friends" with me at once, and used to sit and eat his dinner by my side, holding a piece of pie in his tiny black paw, and clucking with satisfaction.

Johnny, which was his name, always came out of his box when called, and talked,—in his own language; which, being a foreign tongue, puzzled me sometimes, but we understood one another very well at last.

I was much shocked to see him grab a quantity of tobacco one day, and put it in his mouth. I spoke severely on the subject; but he only said, "Tuck," made his mouth round, as if he was going to whistle; finally turned his back on me altogether. Then I watched from behind the blinds, and saw him take it out of his mouth, scrub his head and arms and back with it, and knew he did it to kill the vermin.

He would steal a piece of soap, and scrub the back stoop where he lived; and, if I asked him what he was about, would hide it under his arm, look quite innocent, and say, "Tuck," meaning nothing, without feeling the least ashamed.

Oh, he was a terrible story-teller, was Jack! He hated chickens and rats, for they stole his food; and when the rooster would stalk up to him, so important like, with his head on one side and claw held up, there would be such a shrieking and chattering, that we rushed to the rescue, and drove off Chanticleer, which was what he wanted; and then he would utter the most insulting noises, and jump up and down for joy.

If you children want to hear stories about "Johnny" and what he did, write letters to the editor, asking for more; but don't say I told you.

RUTH HALL.

EVERY man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attach ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man. — *Von Humboldt.*

For Our Dumb Animals.

CARLO.

I WANT to tell the younger readers of *Our Dumb Animals* about Carlo, a dog belonging to Dr. I—, a Baptist minister in an inland city. Carlo was not only intelligent, but he was taught what few dogs and many children are not taught; and that is, to keep the sabbath. Every Sunday when the bell rang for meeting, he would jump up into a great arm-chair, there to stay till his master came home. One year the Fourth of July came on Monday; and as the doctor was standing in the door, in the early morning, watching Carlo and the other dogs gambolling in the street, the Independence bells began to ring. Carlo looked up in astonishment, as much as to say, "What does this mean? It was only yesterday that I had to keep Sunday. Why has it come again so soon?" You see, he was only a young dog, and didn't remember about the Fourth with its firing of cannon and ringing of bells the year before. So he kept on playing until all at once the Baptist bell began to ring; and then he seemed to think his duty was plain, for he ran in, and

climbed up into his chair. Pleased as his master was to see that he knew what bell was meant especially for him, of course he didn't make him keep Sunday on such a holiday as the Fourth of July.

Carlo was a little roguish sometimes, and one day he took it into his head that he would go to church himself. So he slyly followed his master to the church, and clear into the pulpit, and then hid under the sofa. Here he kept quiet for some time. But when the good doctor was praying, he heard so much ill-concealed laughter among the people, that he opened his eyes; and there was Carlo standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-paws on the pulpit, and feeling as important as you please. When he saw his master gazing full upon him, he must have thought he was doing something wrong, for he slunk back quickly under the sofa. He had always been so good a dog, that I do not think he was punished for this little freak; but it was the last time, I believe, that he ever attempted to go to church.

NEMO.

Translation.

BOY AND BUTTERFLY.

Boy:

"Butterfly upon the wing,
Pretty, fluttering little thing,
Floating, hovering in the air,
On what do you live up there?"

Butterfly:

"Honey-dew, sunshine sweet,
Is the food I have to eat."

The insect gay floated away,
Fearing the boy would mar his joy;
And as he went, on glittering wing,
Floating thus he seemed to sing:
"Dear child, it is so bright
In the glad sunlight,
Catch me not, but let me fly,—
To-morrow cold and dead I'll lie."

NORTH COHASSET can boast of a most wonderful cat. This animal goes on a fishing-excursion twice a day in summer, and returns with a fish every time, and then shares her meal with a dog belonging to the house, showing that she is not the least selfish in her disposition. There are few fishermen that can equal that cat; for with a leg for a pole, and with the hooks that Nature has furnished her, and with no bait, she catches every time, which goes ahead of them. This cat is owned by Mr. Charles L. Kittrell, who resides on Jerusalem Road. She is not for sale. — *Hingham Journal.*

FIVE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

ROOMS OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION, 300 WASHINGTON STREET,

Feb. 25, 1873.

Mr George T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. My dear Sir,—I have taken from the first, as you know, a deep interest in your Society, and believe I fully appreciate its importance; but I am frequently asked questions which indicate on the part of many of the young men connected with our Christian Union a want of information in regard to it.

Will it trouble you too much to send me concise answers to the following questions, which have in substance been put to me, and oblige,

Very truly yours,

WM. H. BALDWIN, President.

1. Where did this work originate, and what has been its influence there?
2. Is it not more important to form societies for the protection of men than animals?
3. Why not leave the laws relating to animals to be enforced like other laws by the ordinary police?
4. Why should animals receive special protection?
5. How can existing evils in this respect be remedied?

46 WASHINGTON STREET, Feb. 27, 1873.

Mr. William H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Dear Sir,—It is both a duty and a pleasure to answer the questions proposed.

1. *Where did this work originate, and what has been its influence there?*

To this I answer, that the first society for the protection of animals was formed about fifty years ago in London, and it is now one of the most powerful organizations of its kind in the world. The Queen is its patron, the Earl of Harrowby is its president, and on its board of officers are princes, dukes, earls, bishops, and many of the most eminent men of England. At the head of its Ladies' Humane Educational Committee, is the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Its influence with the clergy appears from the fact, that in one year nearly six hundred English clergymen preached in its behalf; its influence with magistrates, from the fact, that, in 1869, out of 1,413 cases prosecuted, 1,392 were convicted; and its influence with royalty, from the fact, that, at its last annual meeting, the Queen's daughter, the Princess Louise, in the presence of a large audience, distributed one hundred and ninety prizes for the best compositions on kindness to animals, to the successful competitor in each of one hundred and ninety London schools.

Societies now exist in nearly all European countries,—in Asia, Africa, and Australia,—and they are rapidly increasing in the United States and Canada. In Europe many of them are under the patronage of royalty; in this country they are attracting the sympathy and aid of many of our most eminent men. They meet in general international congress, usually every other year; but, on account of the war between France and Germany, have had no congress since 1869. Their next congress is to be held in London.

2. *Is it not more important to form societies for the protection of men than animals?*

In answer to this question I would say, that, from the first dawning of civilization to the present time, the great study of mankind in all nations has been how best to protect men. For this have been parliaments, congresses, and legislatures; armies, navies, and fortifications; courts, magistrates, and innumerable police; churches, schools, and Sunday-schools; home missions and foreign missions; almshouses and reformatory schools; peace societies and great secret charitable organizations; hospitals for the sick, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the insane, and inebriate; prisoners' aid societies, children's aid societies, provident aid societies, employment bureaus; homes for the poor, aged, orphans, and consumptives; all these, and many others, ever laboring for the protection of men; while until within the last half century there was not in the whole world a single society for the protection of animals.

Throwing out of the account churches, schools,

secret charitable societies, almshouses, and all the other charitable protections and provisions afforded by government and law, there still remain in our own city of Boston, at the present time, one hundred and thirty-four (134) organizations, supported by private benevolence, for the protection of men; while there is only one (1) for the protection of animals.

Around the forty millions of our human population is thrown the whole protection of Church and State, laws, courts, and magistrates, public and private charity; while for more than four hundred millions of our animal population, to which suffering comes neither as punishment for the past nor discipline for the future, until within the past few years, not a single effective law has ever been enacted, or a single voice raised publicly in their behalf.

3. *Why not leave the laws relating to animals to be enforced like other laws by the ordinary police?*

To this question I answer, first, that but for these societies there would be no effective laws to enforce; and only as these societies are beginning to be formed are such laws enacted, and in every State additional laws are required; and second, that while laws for the protection of men have been so defined by law-writers and judicial decisions that every officer knows, in regard to them, his rights and his duty, laws for the protection of animals have never been thus defined, and how much a man may whip, starve, or overload his animal before the cruelty will justify his arrest, is what the police-officer hesitates to decide.

When a man strikes his fellow-man, he expects to be arrested; but when he strikes his property, and an officer interferes, he regards it as an impertinent interference with his personal rights, and would be glad to do the officer an injury; and therefore it has been found by experience, both in Europe and this country, that laws without societies to enforce them are a dead letter; because few persons are willing to prosecute and go into the courts and testify, and incur the ill-will, and possibly the revenge, of another by interfering in behalf of a dumb animal.

4. *Why should animals receive special protection?*

First, for their own sake; second, because protection to animals is protection to men. Whoever investigates this subject will find,

First, that, in the various forms of transportation practised in this country, animals are subjected to such cruelty that thousands of them become diseased, and that the meats of these diseased animals cannot be detected in our markets; and that, by the testimony of numerous medical authorities and health officers, the eating of them has been shown to produce sickness and sometimes death.

Second, that about a hundred millions of cattle, sheep, and swine are killed in this country every year for food, and most of them with great and unnecessary cruelty; that they are often kept without food a long time before killing; that they are dragged or driven into bloody slaughter-houses, knowing that they are to be killed, and struggling to escape; and often into slaughter-houses where other animals have just been killed, and are in process of being dressed; that calves are bled before they are killed for the purpose of whitening the veal; that swine are killed without being first stunned. He will find that all these things are avoided in the better slaughter houses of Europe, and that all of these affect the meats of animals, making them unwholesome, and sometimes dangerous.

Third, that not only the quantity, but also the quality, of milk depends on the manner in which cows are treated. If starved, frozen, or kept without sunshine, exercise, or companionship, they are liable to become diseased; and their milk and its products are likely to produce sickness, and have produced death.

Fourth, that our crops depend largely on the preservation of birds; that, in this country, birds are decreasing, and insects increasing; and that it has become very important to secure additional protection for our birds and their nests.

Fifth, that our old and worn-out horses are subjected to great cruelties; and that both they and our old dogs are too often cruelly killed, instead of by a single blow or by chloroform, as practised by officers of animal-protection societies.

Sixth, that there is often no adequate provision for abandoned and lost animals, which are frequently subjected to great suffering when there are no societies to temporarily take charge of them, or give them a merciful death.

Seventh, that almost all classes of animals, including birds, and even fish, lobsters, turtles, and the like, are subjected to a multitude of cruelties, which, but for these societies, would never become generally known, and many of which endanger the public health.

There is not space in a letter for details. They would require a volume; but I am sure that any thoughtful person, after investigating this subject, will have no doubt that the protection of animals is required not only by considerations of humanity, but also for the happiness and safety of men.

5. *How can existing evils in this respect be remedied?*

I answer, only by organized action, which shall secure, first, the enactment and enforcement of suitable laws; and, second, by humane education, particularly of the young.

To accomplish the first, it will be sufficient to have State societies, with branches perhaps in large cities, and agents throughout the State, and with sufficient funds to collect and circulate information, and employ able and experienced officers to be sent wherever their services may be needed. But to accomplish the second and greater work of humane education, *Animals' Friend Societies* will be needed in every city and town, to collect and circulate information there; secure humane books and publications in libraries and reading-rooms, humane lectures and discussions in public halls, humane pictures in schoolrooms, humane stories and songs in Sunday schools, and prizes for compositions in other schools.

These societies may at first consist of only half a dozen persons, ladies or gentlemen, or both; who shall meet, and read what has been done elsewhere, and find out and tell others what needs to be done in their own city or town; get their clergymen to preach about it; interest teachers and Sunday-school teachers and the local press; send humane tracts to persons guilty of cruelty, and, when nothing else will answer, call upon the proper officers to enforce the law.

Presently it will be known and talked about through the neighboring country; people will find out that starving and bleeding calves before they are killed, sending sheep to market in cold weather without fleeces, starving cattle for days before they are killed, and frightening animals into a high fever just before slaughtering them,—that all these injure the meat; that cruel treatment of cows injures the milk and its products; that bad shoeing and tight check-reins injure horses; and that the killing of birds and robbing their nests injure vegetation.

Cruelty will become unpopular, and men guilty of it will feel that they are attracting public attention; they will become more cautious how they overdrive and overwork their horses, particularly those that are old, sick, and lame, and the terrible suffering inflicted by overloading (that standing disgrace to this country) will become less common; farmers will be ashamed to have their cattle come out in the spring mere skeletons; beating, starving, and freezing, and a thousand other cruelties, will become more rare; old, stray, and abandoned animals will be taken better care of, or mercifully killed; birds and their nests will be protected; and not only will the law in relation to animals be enforced, but public sentiment will place in every home advocates to plead their cause, and to make known the cruelties which are inflicted upon them.

I cannot better conclude this letter than in the words of a friend, written to me just before his death, and which have ever since had to me the force of a dying injunction: "Pray, my dear friend, remember that there is every provision, the world over, for the unfortunate of our race, and but little for the patient, speechless servants which devote their lives to us."

I am, my dear sir, with much esteem,

Yours truly,

GEORGE T. ANGELL.

THE INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

MR. D. A. SPALDING, in a paper read before the British Association, gave the results of some very interesting experiments which he has been making with a view to solving the question, whether the power of animals to estimate distance, and perceive direction, by means of sight and hearing, is really an instinctive one, or is, as some hold, only the result of rapid learning from experience and imitation. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued, that, as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea, is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations of sight and hearing correspond to must be got at by moving over the ground by experience. The results, however, of experiments on chickens were wholly in favor of the instinctive nature of these perceptions. Chickens kept in a state of blindness by various devices, from one to three days, when placed in the light under a set of carefully-prepared conditions, gave conclusive evidence against the theory that the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye are the result of associations formed in the experience of each individual life. Often, at the end of two minutes, they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some object, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to measure distance with something like infallible accuracy. If beyond the reach of their necks, they walked or ran up to the object of their pursuit, and may be said to have invariably struck it, never missing by more than a hair's-breadth; this, too, when the specks at which they struck were no bigger than the smallest visible dot of an i. To seize between the points of the mandible at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. Though at times they seized and swallowed an insect at the first attempt, more frequently they struck five or six times, lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. To take, by way of illustration, the observations on a single case a little in detail: A chicken, at the end of six minutes after having its eyes unveiled, followed with its head the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes, the fly, coming within reach of its neck, was seized and swallowed at the first stroke; at the end of twenty minutes, it had not attempted to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground, within sight and call of a hen with chickens of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it went straight towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world as it was ever likely to possess in after-life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path, and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. Thus it would seem, that, prior to experience, the eye—at least the eye of the chicken—perceives the primary qualities of the external world, all arguments of the purely analytical school of psychology to the contrary notwithstanding. — *Hearth and Home*.

RIDING-GEAR IN CHILI.

THE gear of a Chili horse is one of the most curious-looking arrangements in the world. The bit is composed of a flat piece of iron which rests on the horse's tongue and against the roof of his mouth: at the end of this is a hole, through which is passed a massive iron ring, about four inches in diameter, which encircles the lower jaw; in front of the mouth another flat iron ring is placed, to which the reins are fastened. The whole affair weighs about five pounds, and is sufficiently powerful to break a horse's jaw with a sudden jerk.

The saddle consists of a wooden frame placed upon seventeen or eighteen sheepskins, held on by leather straps with silver buckles, the stirrups being made of large blocks of hard wood; the whole affair weighing about sixty pounds. [There is room for a "society" among the Chilians. — Ed.]

A WORD OF KINDNESS.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls;
Oh! if they knew, who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief, and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live.
Oh! what is life if love be lost?
If man unkind to man?
Oh! what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then, be kind, whoe'er thou art
That breathe'st mortal breath!
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

For Our Dumb Animals.

SHALTO.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

I KNEW a gentleman and a poet, who owned a most remarkable dog, whom he named Shalto. He had imbibed some of the fastidiousness of his master, a certain daintiness and tendency to revery. He was mettlesome and playful, but exclusive withal. He did not like the cold, and would lie upon the rug, of a winter's day, indulging in the luxury of canine comfort. He did not sleep; for, if a servant left the door ajar, he would roll himself lazily over, and look that way, incommoded by the draught: he would extend his paws, wink his eyes, unwilling to get up, and yet too much annoyed to rest comfortably. At length he would rise up slowly, just as his master would do in his slippers, and *jerk the door to*, with a short bark, as if he scolded somebody; and then back he would go to the hearth-rug with the air of a dog not to be disturbed.

Once Shalto, having gone out incautiously for an airing in dog-time, was pursued by the dog-killer and a host of noisy, cruel boys. Shalto fled and doubled, and sought coverts with painful sagacity: more than once he rushed up the door-steps of his master's house; but there was no hand to open the door, and he fled again, leaving the prints of his poor feet upon the stones. His master at length found him under a pile of lumber, his nose just peeping out. To the whistle of his friend he gave the faintest possible bark, as if he said, "Let me alone till this hue and cry is over, and then I shall be all right."

Shalto died at the age of twelve, and was honored with a stone and epitaph; and his master wrote beautiful verses about him. While sick, he tended him, carried him where he would be most at ease, and soothed his pain by the kindest caresses. This was the true sentiment of dogship.

My grandfather had a dog which lived to be fifteen years old, and was quite blind. He needed a great deal of care; but my grandfather's tenderness never tired. I remember once a neighbor, observing the condition of the animal, who though blind was quite happy, remarked,—

"Captain, I wonder you do not kill that dog: he's no use to anybody."

My grandfather patted his disabled friend with much tenderness, and replied,—

"I think, neighbor, that would be a poor return for fifteen years of devoted friendship."

THE little deeds of unknown men
Make up the record of the years;
Each kindly act returns again,—
In the same bosom re-appears.

AGGRAVATED CRUELTY TO ANIMALS. — "The New-Bedford Mercury" gives a report of the trial of Joseph G. Chace of Tiverton, before Trial Justice George M. Durfee of that town, for cruelty to animals, in which ill-treatment on the part of the defendant, almost beyond belief, was developed.

"It appeared in evidence that the defendant went away from home with one of his horses last winter, leaving the other tied up in his barn. He was gone from Friday till the second Sunday following, — ten days; and in the mean time the poor animal was without food. A few rotting corn-butts comprised the only fodder in the barn; and those lay beyond his reach. Half a pail of water had been left him; but this was frozen. A man who lives near heard the horse kicking and groaning on the fifth day after Chace went away. He looked into the window, and saw the horse gnawing his manger. The door was fastened; and the man says he did not dare to open it to relieve the starving brute for fear that a threat which Chace had made to shoot him would be put into execution. Before the return of his owner, the horse starved to death in his stall. On Sunday Chace returned, put his other horse into the barn, and went away, leaving it four days also without food. At the end of that time the second horse was beyond the reach of such inhuman cruelty. A cow and some hogs were treated in a similar manner. The man's cruelty also consisted in over-driving and abusing his animals, as well as starving them. In one case the beating was inflicted with a sledge-hammer. Mr. Chace has a family, who, it is said, have all left him owing to his abusive treatment. The defendant was fined fifty dollars and costs."

SHOCKING CRUELTY TO AN ANIMAL. — A certain citizen of Rochester, N.Y., has a healthy temper. While he was cutting the last crop of clover with a mowing-machine, one of the horses refused to draw. The miserable creature became enraged at the animal, and pounded him until his strength was exhausted, then shoved a stick down his throat. Not satisfied with that, he took the horse from the machine, procured an axe, and started with the horse for the woods, striking the animal many times with the blade of the axe, cutting several deep gashes. On arriving at the woods, he took the axe, and cut the animal's head from the body.

WILD dogs, we are told, never bark: they howl. There are numerous troops of wild dogs in South America. Two of these that were carried to England could never bark, but continued to utter their habitual howl. But a younger one of the same species learned to bark. Many years ago dogs were left by the Spaniards in the island of Juan Fernandez, for the purpose of exterminating the goats. In a few years all barking had ceased among them. It has been suggested that all barking originated in the attempt to imitate the human voice. — *Oliver Optic's Magazine*.

DR. HOLMES says, in the "Atlantic," "There is a revival greater than that of letters, — the revival of humanity."

HELPING OTHERS.

LET US remember that the best way to confer a lasting good is to help others to help themselves. And most of us have realized the wondrous power there is in kind and encouraging words.

Let every one test his own strength and fleetness in the race of life; and though it is well to remember, and calculate on, the possibility of failure, and profit by the experience of others, one is apt to get disheartened, or use his strength in meeting imaginary dangers, if he is continually reminded that he "must not be too sanguine; for it is quite likely he will not succeed, when other people, possessed of far greater ability and more abundant resources, have been known to fail.

If people do as well or better than we expect them to, it is not very hard work — or ought not to be — to tell them so.

And oh! the magic power and strength that lies in a few kind and appreciative words, only those can know who have toiled faithfully and waited long.

HOW TO SUBDUCE A VICIOUS HORSE.

A FRIEND has handed us a slip cut from "The New York Commercial Advertiser" many years ago, which gives a hint worth heeding:—

"The following fact occurred yesterday. A beautiful and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any person to handle his feet, without a resort to every species of power and means to control him. At one time he was nearly crippled by being put in the stocks; he was afterward thrown down and fettered; at another time, one of our most experienced horse-shoers was unable to manage him by the aid of as many hands as could approach. In an attempt to shoe this horse yesterday, he resisted all efforts, kicked aside every thing but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that, and finally was brought back to his stable unshod. This was his only defect: in all other respects he is gentle, and perfectly docile, and especially in harness. But this defect was just on the eve of consigning him to the plough, where he might work barefoot, when, by mere accident, an officer in our service, lately returned from Mexico, was passing, and, being made acquainted with the difficulty, applied a complete remedy by the following simple process:—

"He took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down, and the cord in its place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of his head, and commanded him to follow; and instantly the horse obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a well-trained dog; suffering his feet to be lifted with entire impunity, and acting in all respects like an old stager. That simple string thus tied made him at once docile and obedient as any one could desire. The gentleman who thus furnished this exceedingly simple means of subduing a very dangerous propensity intimated that it is practised in Mexico and South America in the management of wild horses. Be this as it may, he deserves the thanks of all owners of such horses, and especially the thanks of those whose business it may be to shoe or groom the animal.

HORSES IN STORMS.

AVOID, as far as possible, exposing horses to storms. When on a journey, aim to feed at the regular hours. If nothing more can be done, take along some corn-meal, and put a quart in a pail of water, and stir it up while the horse is drinking. It will greatly refresh and strengthen him. Many horses suffer from dyspepsia; and one great cause of it is irregularity in feeding, and giving too much grain when the horse is fatigued. When a horse has been exposed to a storm, and comes home in an exhausted condition, give him a warm bran-mash. Put two or three quarts of bran in a pail, and pour on two or three quarts of boiling water, and stir it up; then add cold water sufficient to cool it to the temperature of new milk, and give it to the horse. Blanket the horse, and rub his head, ears, and legs dry; and afterwards rub him dry all over. Many an attack of colic would be avoided by these means. We think many farmers err in not feeding their horses more on grain. It would be better to work harder, or at least more constantly, and feed higher. Of one thing we are very sure,—not one farmer in ten grooms his horses sufficiently. It is a shame to a man to leave a horse at night, after a hard day's work, until he has been rubbed clean, dry-bedded, and all his wants attended to. — *Farmer's Union.*

CANNOT OXEN BE DRIVEN WITHOUT A GOAD? — Maine people in Massachusetts wonder at the custom here of driving oxen with a whip. They would be more consistent if they reflected upon the barbarous manner of driving the Maine oxen with a "goad," which has a sharp brad in the end, half an inch long, with which the driver pierces the flesh of the poor ox, and often draws the blood from his sides. — *Webster Times.*

AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

TOMMY, prowling on the lawn,
Spied a sparrow, just at dawn,
Up and at her labors.
Secure and sweet she hopped along,
Or, flying westward, sang a song
That roused her sleepy neighbors.

But Tommy meant to break his fast.
"That tune, song-sparrow, is your last,
Whatever you intended.
Just light down on the grass again:
I'll eat you up in seconds ten,
And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit,
And plain of dress, but full of wit:
So, when upon the grass she lit,
And Tommy at a bound
Had whisked her off behind a tree,
And growled, "I'll make a meal of thee,"
She plucked up courage. "Tom," said she,
"Just sit me on the ground;
And do, I pray you, have the grace,
Before you eat, to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree,
And used to good society.
"Your words are wise, you bird," said he,
"Though you're a silly creature;"
Knowing that manners make the man,
He sat her down, and slow began
With dignity (cats only can)
To wash each solemn feature.

Scarce was his paw across his nose,
Before aloft the sparrow rose.
From tallest tree the garden grows
She sends him down a song:
"O Tommy! don't you wish you could
For breakfast have a sparrow good?
Birds are such dainty, tender food,
And all to cats belong!"

Tom eyed her with a rueful grin:
"I must say, bird, you took me in.
But long as I've to stay
Upon this earth, so full of cheat,
Of artful birds and all deceit,
My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat,
My face wash when I may."
And so, you know,
Do all the race of cats until this day.

Christian Union.

A CHILD, A PANTHER, AND A DOG.

A PANTHER recently attempted to carry off a child in Nevada. The child, which was a little girl three years old, was playing before the open door, while its mother was sweeping. The panther, which crept near, suddenly leaped upon the child, seized her by the shoulder, and turned to flee with her, when a powerful and ferocious mastiff that was sitting in the house, near the open door, dashed out, and seized the panther by the throat. The wild beast dropped the child, which was not hurt, and then a furious fight ensued between the panther and the mastiff. The dog tore open the panther's throat with his teeth, and the panther tore the flesh from the dog's sides with its claws. The mother of the child rushed out, and rescued her darling from beneath the feet of the maddened combatants, and carried her into the house; then seized a rifle that was standing in a corner, and hastened to the help of the mastiff. She fired at random, but the bullet struck the panther in the shoulder, and passed clear through his body. He fell to the ground; and the dog, now utterly furious with the rage of the combat, soon finished him.

MEN may judge us by the success of our efforts: God looks at the efforts themselves.

It was George Herbert who said a handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

The noblest question in the world is, "What good may I do in it?"

Stable and Farm.

A NEW WAY TO CURE BALKING.

SOME writers have held that the cause of balking is bad treatment. I think that this view is partially false. Some horses will balk any way, and some cannot be made to balk. When a horse once commences to balk, the treatment will make but little difference. To illustrate: I had a fine, large, five-year-old mare, that took a notion to balk. I did nothing for her; and finally she got so she would balk almost every time I hitched her up. One of my neighbors had a four-year-old of a good deal the same style of horse, that commenced to balk some time before mine did. Both of these had an indentation in their foreheads. Notice this: every horse that has an indentation in its forehead will balk! He may balk sooner, or he may balk later, but he will balk sometime. But to return to the subject. My neighbor and I pursued two different ways of treatment: he believed in whipping, and he did whip. He whipped with whips, he beat with sticks, he pounded with fence-rails, and he used his brogans with telling effect. At first he made her go; but, finally, the harder he whipped, the more she did not go, until at last he gave it up and sold her. Now for my treatment: I continued to drive my horse, and I had a time of it, she getting worse all the time. But one day an old man saw her balk, and said to me, "I will show you what will start her." Accordingly he took a cane with a crook on it, and struck the hook down into her ear. The horse started with a jump, and we had no more balking that day. I have tried the plan since then, and have always been successful. Don't be afraid of injuring the horse: it will only make it mad; and that is what you want. The philosophy of the thing is this. Take any horse, and especially a balky horse, and you will find an aversion to having the ears handled. Now, when you put the cane into its ear, the pain makes it so mad that it forgets all about its balking, and every thing else, and starts right off. Try this plan, and never whip. You injure the horse, discomfit yourself, and waste elbow-grease that might be usefully employed somewhere else. — *J. M. D. in Western Rural.*

BALKY HORSES.

EDITOR WESTERN RURAL.—I noticed, in your issue of Jan. 25, an article with the above head, the writer of which thinks it is natural for some horses to be balky. For my part, I don't believe this doctrine: I think there are more balky drivers than horses; and, in nine cases out of ten, it is bad treatment that makes a horse balky.

It generally occurs in those of high temperament, by reason of their having been badly treated when first began to be handled,—perhaps overloaded, and then whipped, getting them excited before they know what is required of them; the result is, they refuse to go, or they kick, lie down, or some other mean thing; whereas, if they had been properly handled at the start, they would have made the best of animals.

I have raised and broken many colts, but never had a balky one that I broke myself; but I have known others all of whose colts would be balky. I have taken some that were considered balky and good for nothing, and made good horses of them, and that without "jabbing sticks in their ears." I firmly believe it is treatment that makes balky horses; and I don't believe they are born so, though, of course, they are born with different temperaments. — *J. M. F., Springfield, Wis.*

When breeding animals are not properly fed and comfortably sheltered in winter, the bad effect of such treatment is not confined to their own want of condition,—it is shared by their progeny, and can never be remedied. When young stock are not well fed and comfortably sheltered in winter, their growth becomes stunted, and no subsequent amount of good treatment can repair the damage. Young animals may suffer for want of proper provender in summer and in autumn as well as in winter; and when this happens it stops continuous growth, and prevents ultimate success in the object of the breeder. — *Working Farmer.*

KENTUCKY SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED Feb. 11, 1873. OFFICE AT LOUISVILLE.

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B. F. AVERY, Louisville.

Vice-Presidents.

W. B. Belknap,	Louisville.
R. A. Robinson,	"
Rev. Stuart Robinson,	Paducah.
Hon. Charles Marshall,	Hopkinsville.
George Poindexter,	Mumfordsville.
George T. Wood,	Covington.
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E. H. Chase,	Mrs. George Doyle,
H. W. Gray,	Dr. T. J. Griffith,
W. C. Kennedy,	J. R. Delrechio,
H. Burkhardt,	Rev. E. T. Perkins.

This society has adopted a constitution similar to ours, except in the rates of membership, which are \$25 for Active Life, \$5 for Active Annual, and \$2.50 for Associate Annual. Ladies are eligible as members and officers. Annual meeting in January.

They have a bill before the legislature, which they expect will soon be enacted. The friends are taking hold of the matter in earnest, and propose to extend the influence of the Society all over the State.

DOG-SHOW IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE recent cat-show in London seems to have stimulated us over this side of the water to attempt something of a similar character. "Forney's Press," of Philadelphia, gives a brief description of an exhibition of dogs, held by the manager of Wood's Museum, in that city, recently:—

From an early hour, — say somewhere between six and half-past six o'clock, — the competitors, with their precious canine representatives, of every variety, color, size, temperament, — from the deep thinking, solemn-visaged, murderously-inclined blood-hound, through all the grades, to the delicately-nurtured, dirty-faced, in spite of fate, puffy lady's poodle, — reached the office; received, upon paying an exhibition fee of one dollar, their number and ticket, and passed through the entrance, to place their dogs in the place most available for the display of their special property.

The reporter ascended to the second and third floors, and was saluted with a marvellous confusion of howlings, growlings, moanings, barks shrill, barks deep and real, downright yelps. On the sides of the rooms, wooden stalls for the exhibition were ranged, thirteen on each side, made somewhat in the fashion of the stalls in London coffee-houses, — high-backed and with floors covered with straw.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

NEW HAMPSHIRE has furnished a Free-Soil candidate for the presidency. She has had her temperance agitators, and apostles of reform in great variety. She has been foremost in many things, but backward in this one: she has never yet established a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Isn't the home of Cass, Greeley, Pierce, Wilson, Hale, Woodbury, and Webster a fit place for such a society? Already twelve state, two county, sixteen town, besides three ladies' and two boys' societies, have been formed in this country. Of the New-England States, Massachusetts has a powerful, effective working organization, with branches at Taunton, Haverhill, and Newburyport. Rhode Island has a society with a distinct "Ladies of Providence Society." Portland, Bangor, and Castine, Me., have societies also.

There seems to be three reasons in particular why societies of this kind should exist. In the first place, it is a beautiful picture, a gratifying spectacle, to see bird and beast living in harmonious relations with man; in the second place, kind treatment of the animals which serve us is a duty we owe them; and in the third place, such treatment *pays*, — pays in money, and pays in higher gain.

In the hope that before long we shall have a New-Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, we print the New Hampshire law, which is efficient enough, only, alas! like a great many other laws, it remains practically a dead letter when no particular individuals are interested to see it enforced. Let us have a society organized under this law, and the result will be one of incalculable good to hundreds of thousands of living creatures.

If a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were formed in the State of New Hampshire, what would it have to do? It would have —

- 1st, To enforce the law.
 - 2d, To invite all persons throughout the State to report cases of undoubted cruelty.
 - 3d, To pay rewards to persons, who, acting for the Society, shall secure conviction and punishment in such cases, or furnish the Society with evidence to enable them to do it.
 - 4th, To employ persons to investigate, arrest, and prosecute for the Society.
 - 5th, To see that animals lost or abandoned be properly taken care of or mercifully killed.
 - 6th, To introduce better methods of transportation and butchering of animals.
 - 7th, To encourage the improvements and inventions to increase the comfort and value of animals.
 - 8th, To gather information in regard to existing abuses, and their remedies, and the proper treatment of animals, both in sickness and in health, and to send the same, if possible, into every family in the State.
 - 9th, To give rewards to persons, such as authors, teachers, inventors, police-officers, drivers, teamsters, butchers, farm-servants, &c., who shall be distinguished for humanity towards animals, or for efforts to improve their condition and to prevent cruelty to them.
- By so doing, to abolish cruel beating, overloading, overdriving, overworking, starving, or abandoning to starve; working old, sick or maimed animals, unfit for labor; the plucking of live fowls, cruel methods of butchering, shearing of sheep sent to market early in the spring, cruel methods of transportation, unnecessary dissections of living animals, and all other forms of cruelty which now are or may hereafter be practised in this State. — *Dover Enquirer*.

Since the above was published, a Society has been formed at Portsmouth. But the friends there have not yet organized it as a State Society. Efforts are making to induce prominent gentlemen and ladies to organize a Central Society at Concord. Some organization should cover the whole State, with agencies or branches in every town. We hope soon to see it.

LEGISLATIVE DEBATE.

To show how our object is viewed in some communities, we publish a report of a debate in the House branch of the Georgia Legislature last month, upon a bill to prevent cruelty to animals.

From the Atlanta Herald.

The bill provides for preventing cruelty to animals, imposing penalties for pitting chickens, dogs, and other animals against each other; prohibits owners from turning out old, infirm horses to die.

Mr. Anderson moved to indefinitely postpone.

Mr. Mercer was disposed to support the bill, as instrumental in discouraging spectacles which tend to demoralize the spectators.

Mr. McKibben favored all the features of the bill, except that which tended to discourage dog-fighting, as he wanted them all killed.

Mr. Morris thought it an important bill, which, if passed, would put an effectual check to the prevailing demoralization of the day.

Mr. Hudson said the motion of the author of the bill was praiseworthy, but he did not think it within the province of the Legislature to pass statutes for enforcing morality. The moral sentiment of the State should control this matter.

Mr. Dell said the passage of such a bill would put a premium on prosecutions, encouraging malicious persons to report persons for punishing unruly horses, dogs, &c.

On the motion to indefinitely postpone, the vote was 57 yeas, to 72 nays; so the motion did not prevail.

Mr. Jones of Burke favored the bill. He thought the time would come when the people of the State would approve the measure as eminently wise.

Mr. Hudson opposed the inauguration of "Blue laws," the offspring of puritanical doctrines of New England. The churches had the subject under control. When our illustrious statesmen of former days saw no necessity for interfering with malpractices by legislation, why should the people of this day declare they were so depraved that they had to seek the agency of the law to discourage them from evil and immoral practices.

Mr. Anderson opposed the bill. There was a difference as to the means of accomplishing that end. The practices were wrong, but we should not strike down the moral sense and free-agency of mankind by placing a prohibition of this kind on our statute books. It was immoral to dishonor father and mother, but it would be unwise to legislate remedies for such immorality. We cannot reach the sin of gambling by imprisoning the guilty party, but by appealing to his moral senses.

Mr. Jones of Burke stated that all legislation was based on the immoral tendency of mankind.

Mr. Anderson replied, that in legislation we should go just so far as the absolute necessities of society demanded, and no farther.

Mr. Turnbull moved to strike out the part referring to dogs and chickens.

Mr. Lyon moved a substitute requiring persons to attend church once every Sunday, &c.

Mr. Peabody admitted that Messrs. Hudson and Anderson were right in saying there was a line of demarcation for legislation: it should not interfere with the moral agency of mankind. But was it wrong in this instance to prohibit serious evils which threatened to undermine society?

Mr. Turnbull's amendment was lost.

The bill was passed by 77 yeas, and 62 nays.

CHEERFULNESS. — This feeling of an entirely free nature and life, this self-enjoyment of the inner world, not of an outward, minute part of the world, opens the child to the penetrating all; it receives nature, not loveless and defenceless, but loving and armed. — *Jean Paul*.

THERE is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight be put upon it; its powers may be compared to vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt when they have nothing to bear.

